Were brasse impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Boares through his Castle walls, and farewell King,
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and bloud,
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me al this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taste griefe, neede friendes, subiected thus,
How can you say to me I am a King?

Carleil. My Lord, wisemen nere sit and waile their woes
But presently preuent the wayes to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare and bee slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and dye, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King Thou chidst me wel, proude Bullingbrook, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This agew fitte of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie tacke it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lies our Vncle with his power?
Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be sower,

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie
The state and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dul and heauie eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your Vncle Yorke is ioynd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou hast said inough:
Beshrew thee coosin which didst leade me foorth

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire,
What say you now? what comfort haue we nowe?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more:
Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King Woes slaue shal kingly Wo obey:
That power I haue, discharge, and let them goe
To eare the land that hath some hope to grow.
For I haue none, let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsel is but vaine.

Aum. My Leige, one word.

King He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong,
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull, Yorke, North.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are disperst, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland
To say King Richard; alacke the heauie day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes, onely to be briefe
Left I his title out.

Yorke The time hath bin, would y ou haue bin so briefe (with him,
He would haue beene so briefe to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole heades length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vncle) further then you should.

Yorke Take not (good Coosin) further then you should,
Least you mistake the heauens are ouer our heads,

Bul. I know it Vncle, and oppose not my selfe
Against their wil. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*
Welcome Harry: what, wil not this Castle yeeld?

H. Percie The Castle is royally mand my Lord
Against thy entrance.